GOOD KING WENCESLAS

1. Good King Wenceslas looked out, On the feast of Stephen,
   When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even.
   Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel,
   When a poor man came in sight, Gather 'ring winter fuel.

2. "Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it telling,
   Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"
   Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain."
   Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither,
   Thou and I shall see him dine, When we bear them thither."
   Thru the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.
   Thru the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind grows stronger;
   Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer."
   Forth they went to gather wealth or rank possess ing.
   Forth they went to gather wealth or rank possess ing.

5. In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted;
   Heat was in the very sod, Which the Saint had printed.
   Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possess ing.
   Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank possess ing.

WORDS BY JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1886)
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